JOHN EMORY COOKMAN

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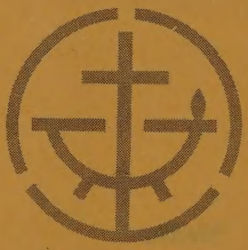

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MEMORIALS

OF

JOHN EMORY COOKMAN, D.D.

NEW YORK:
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California

John Emory Cookman, D.D.

DIED

EASTER SUNDAY, MARCH 29TH, 1891.

"Remember, that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead."

—II TIMOTHY xi: 8.

335642

"Dear dead! They have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant Heaven, like home,
Through them begins to woo us.
Love that was earthly wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things,
That multiply our graces."

In Memoriam.

* * I have a desire to rescue from oblivion these Memorials of my beloved brother. They are a sacred possession worth cherishing by those allied to the subject of them. The hope that they may prove an incentive to a higher, holier purpose, prompts the effort, and makes the task delightful. These things are told in gratefulness, that such a life has been lived on earth! In the order of an inscrutable Providence, we are deprived of the presence, counsel, and earnest sympathy of our dear departed one; but though absent, does he not speak to us by the power of a beautiful example? He was one of the brightest and sweetest spirits that the world has ever known. His rare individuality made him attractive to many friends, and he was always loyal to them. His character of choice combinations, generous, noble, disinterested, unselfish, with a heart and mind deeply baptized with the spirit of love and devotion to the cause of Christ, stands before us. May we catch

the inspiration of such a life, though the veil shuts him from our sight! We dedicate these Memorials in sweet and fond recollection of this kindest and most faithful brother who has passed from death to Life, bowing our heads in Christian acquiescence to the Divine Will.

WHITSUNTIDE, 1891. M. B. C.

Portrait Letters.

BY HIS FRIENDS.

"Though sight be changed for memory, love ensures
What memory, changed by love to sight, would say."

New York, Easter Monday,
March 30th.

* * I have met with a personal loss in Dr. Cookman's departure. His singularly winning qualities greatly endeared him to me, though I have known him for so short a time. I looked forward to the day when, with his rare gifts, he would do good and noble work for the Master in the ministry of our Church. But God knows best where to use him, and I am persuaded that in the higher service He will have a place for him. May Christ the Consoler be near to you in this sorrow.

H. C. P.

St. Thomas' Rectory, New York,
April 26th, 1891.

* * One of the purest and best illustrations of the character of a rare, true Christian was the late Rev. Dr. John Emory Cookman, whose lamented death was our

greater loss in the Church into whose ministry he has just entered, but whose death in the midst of years was but a speedier entrance into the Country of Peace. When men go out of this world with the calmness of his trust, with the surety of his faith, with the express confidence of his hope, with the testimony on their lips in dying of the Saviour's presence and love, we know for whom they lived, and in whom they die. They lived by faith in the Son of God—they die in the Lord.

J. W. B.

FORDHAM, N. Y., April 3d, 1891.

* * Our brother has reached the Land of Love!

I can feel only congratulations for him. He suffered so much in every way. I am glad I never said an unkind word to him. We will soon see him again on the Eternal Shore.

M. B.

CHRISTIAN HERALD OFFICE,

NEW YORK, April 8th, 1891.

* * I feel so earnest, so enlightened a servant of the Master, the Church, the world can ill spare. In the pulpit, on the platform and in his pastoral visitations among the homes of the poor, his words touched the heart as those of few men do. They came from the heart and went to the heart. All who heard him realized they were in the presence of one who lived very near to God. Christian men and women as they listened were stimulated to strive to reach a higher plane, in which the fullness of the light of God's countenance shines, and where they received grace for their daily life. The world hearing him was astonished at the joy and happiness which gleamed from his eye, and lent melody to his tongue. Such words as his told of delights which the world cannot give, neither can it take away; and they attracted those to Christ who had supposed that Christianity meant gloom and sadness. Then, too, in an age of skeptical criticism, such a man as Dr. Cookman was like a Standard Bearer. He believed with all his soul, and he stood out manfully to tell to all whom

his voice could reach how he had tested the promises for himself, and how not one thing had failed of all that God had pledged Himself to give to those who trusted Him. It was a grand, a noble work that he did, and to him surely Christ has uttered the words it is the Christian's highest hope to hear: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

D. W. T.

LIVERPOOL, England, April 10th.

* * The intelligence of your brother's removal reached us last evening. If we follow the example of the early Christians, we shall have to rejoice because of his birthday.

"Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet."

The fact of his present happy relation to the things above is true and real. My mind is much occupied with thoughts of the Resurrection of Christ and what results

from it. What a fact! What a power! What a Person! We are much obliged for a few details from the newspapers. How much of the work of faith and labor of love is comprised in these bare items. I feel God's schemes are hidden. "My thoughts are not your thoughts." We may well say: "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

J. H.

NEW YORK, April 22d, 1891.

The Board of Directors of the Young Men's Christian Association, of New York, deeply regret the death of John Emory Cookman, D. D.—a life member—on March 29th, 1891. Dr. Cookman was especially attractive to young men, and always interested in everything affecting the welfare of the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of New York. Dr. Cookman was ever ready to render practical service in city work, in the work in the State, and also throughout the country.

R. R. McB.

New York, April 8th, 1891.

At a meeting of the Official Board of the Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church, resolutions were passed lamenting the death of their former Pastor, the Rev. Dr. John Emory Cookman, expressing their appreciation of his high Christian character, and the great service he rendered in his six years' Pastorate.

New York, April 8th, 1891.

At the recent Session of the New York East Conference, resolutions of respect and sorrow concerning your honored husband were passed by a standing vote. There was absolute sympathy with these expressions.

Dr. Cookman was deeply lamented in his decease, and highly esteemed by multitudes in his old Church. He was a delightful friend, a brotherly man, and a sincere Christian.

J. P.

New York, May 7th, 1891.

Our friend, John Emory Cookman, was naturally gifted and cheerful, but since his deeper Christian experience of seven years ago he has been the most radiant and joyous of Christians. His illuminated face, and holy, fervid eloquence at times presented a picture never to be forgotten. He lived in the very presence of his Lord. His spirit was most gentle and seraphic. To his family he was everything. To the work of the Alliance he was a great blessing. In the Church a true and most successful Pastor. To some of us he was most unspeakably dear. To God be all the glory of his precious life.

A. B. S.

Baltimore, April 6th, 1891.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." I doubt not our dearly beloved brother was ready and waiting. He has entered into that Eternal

Rest that remaineth for the people of God I could have rejoiced if it had pleased our Heavenly Father to have spared our Brother a little longer, and permitted him to exercise his ministry in our beloved Church. I well remember your dear father, of precious memory. It was my privilege to listen to his first Missionary address in Baltimore, when he made one of the most thrilling and impressive speeches I ever heard. There are probably none left but myself who attended that meeting. O! that we may be permitted to join that happy throng, where sorrow and sighing will flee away, and unite with the General Assembly and Church of the First Born, whose names are written in Heaven, in singing glory, honor, praise and power unto Him who sitteth upon the Throne and unto the Lamb forever!

W. W.

In Memoriam.

" What could our love have done? We tried
To hold him fast; cried
To the tender Hand
That we might understand
The right way, day by day—
That he might stay.

* * * *

" Perhaps if we could see
Where he dreams now of you and me;
Look once upon his face,
We might be glad such grace
Was shown our glorified.
Be satisfied."

In Memoriam.

John Emory Cookman has lately passed away from earth to Paradise. His memory is yet fresh with us. He has left in the hearts of those who knew him best, a fragrance sweet as Heaven. We never heard from his lips, or saw an expression on his face contrary to the law of love. "Knowledge shall vanish away, but love abideth." Dr. Cookman was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, his father being the Reverend George Grimston Cookman, who was Chaplain to the United States Senate for three years, half a century ago. Dr. Cookman often told of his recollections, as a small boy, of leaving Washington when the snow was falling and the flag on the Capitol flying. This was soon after the loss of his father, who sailed away from these shores on one of the ill-fated steamships crossing the Atlantic, from which no tidings have ever come. The sad and tragic ending of his father's life, involved as it was in mystery, left an impression upon his youth-

ful mind that was to have its influence in later years. God was preparing His instrument for service by the discipline of sorrow and separation. The next Providential step in his life was coming with his widowed mother and family to Baltimore. "Little John" had been committed especially to his mother by her husband, who had said in leaving home: "Take care of this boy for my sake." It was a sacred trust. A peculiar sympathy always existed between mother and son, an undying love which now has met its completion. In 1847 the family moved to Philadelphia, and under the guardian care of the Rev. Dr. William Suddards, Rector of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, who was a personal friend of his father, John began his school life. An incident occurred at this time which made a Divine impression upon him, and resulted in his conversion to God. While skating upon the Schuylkill River he suddenly broke through the ice, and after going down twice, he was rescued from a watery grave. He felt then that God was calling him to active service in His Kingdom —perhaps to preach the Gospel.

His college studies were completed in Philadelphia, he receiving the honors of his class and delivering the

Valedictory. When his brother Alfred heard his declamation, the theme being "Action," he said: "John has every element for a public speaker." After graduation he accompanied his mother and sister to Europe, spending six months abroad, travelling through Great Britain and on the Continent.

Upon his return, he felt that he must take the vow for the office and work of the ministry. No one but himself and his mother knew of the struggle of soul to reach this conclusion. He entered the Theological School at Concord, New Hampshire. There was at this time a native eloquence in this youth that won all hearts—a freshness, a cheerfulness, a spiritual beauty which never departed from him. At the conclusion of his theological studies, Dr. Cookman entered upon his ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His mother would sometimes say: "My son, if you would be supremely happy, or extremely useful in your work, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus." Here then was his power—"Entire Consecration to Jesus." It was the secret source of his marvellous success in winning men. His first sermon was delivered in Philadelphia, the subject being: "Say unto the right-

eous, it shall be well with him."—Isaiah iii: 10. His brother Alfred, of sacred memory, literally baptized him with his tears, he was so glad that John had chosen to minister to the spiritual needs of the people. His second sermon was preached before a crowded congregation, and he took for his text: "The Lord God is a Sun and Shield; the Lord will give grace and glory, no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."—Psalms lxxxiv: 11. His ministry commenced in New Brunswick, then Lenox, Mass., Harlem, Poughkeepsie, Bedford Street, New York, Tremont Street, Boston, and many other leading churches in Brooklyn and New York. Multitudes crowded to hear him. He was a lover of men. He won them by his persuasive eloquence and spiritual power. Who can ever forget his gift of sacred song, his fine taste, the thrill of holy feeling, and the quick sense of what would meet the needs of the moment? His prayers were wonderful. As he looked upward his face was illumined; the human seemed transformed into the Divine. He talked with God almost face to face, so that those who heard him were lifted into nearness and communion with the King of kings. He had a voice of great compass in speaking.

There was in it a silvery distinctness, and even music. Who can forget that delicate brow, that firm mouth and chin, that heavenly smile? When he spoke every nerve and muscle seemed instinct with the excitement of the subject, and he held his hearers in a spell of intense religious feeling. His imagination was his dominant faculty. It furnished him incessantly with brilliant illustrations. The charm of his preaching was in the reality of it. He made everything living. He laid hold of the intuitions of the soul, and answered their most earnest questions. He always preached the gospel of hope and good cheer. "Love to God and love to man" was the culmination of his theology. There was great earnestness in the setting forth of these truths, because they had assumed a real power in his own heart and life. In fact, Dr. Cookman had a real enthusiasm of humanity, which saw Christ's image in every man, and the power of the Gospel to bring it forth and make that man an embodiment of the saving power of Christ. He received a wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit seven years since. During a severe illness, when everything failed to help him, Jesus spoke to him in the depths of his soul, and said: "I am

thy Healer, thy Sanctifier, thy Saviour, thy Lord." From that hour he felt that he was sacred to Jesus. The love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, and his body became the temple of the living God.

About two years ago he felt that God was calling him into the Protestant Episcopal Church; as he had always obeyed God's leadings he could not refuse the call. A friend wrote to Bishop Potter, and told him of Dr. Cookman's convictions. Bishop Potter immediately gave opportunity for an interview, and finding that Dr. Cookman was influenced by the Spirit of God and seeking only the glory of God and the good of His Church, he made the way plain for him to become a candidate for Holy Orders. He was confirmed at St. Mary's Church, Manhattanville, New York, on Whit Sunday, June 2d, 1889. The power of God seemed to rest upon this beautiful service. A friend in the Methodist Church said to him soon after: "John, why did you join the Protestant Episcopal Church?" He replied, "Because I thought God wanted me to do it." He was at once appointed to be assistant minister at "The Church of Our Saviour." While his ministry to the seamen was brief,

all acknowledge it to have been one of great power and success. Dr. Cookman presented a large Confirmation Class to Bishop Potter during the few months of his Church life.

Every one with whom he came in contact during his arduous labors in that thickly populated part of the city said: "We believe he was a true Christian; we never expect to see another clergyman like him." A year ago he was seized with a severe illness, the result of overwork. He was a martyr to burning zeal. For many days his life was endangered. Then he rallied, and hope came back into anxious hearts who were watching him hour by hour. On "Apostles' Day," the last of September, he was so fully recovered as to be ordained at Garrisons-on-Hudson. It proved an "ideal day" in the Highlands, and also a day of spiritual power to all present. Dr. Cookman said he was perfectly happy, and realized the presence of the Great High Priest. At Christmas, Dr. Cookman had promised to visit the Church of Our Saviour and baptize some infants, who were children of the seamen connected with the Mission. In preparation for it he had pencilled a few words to speak to the people upon

this occasion. He waited an opportunity, but his strength would not permit. We copy a few thoughts from this manuscript found in his Bible: "And they gave their own selves to the Lord." "We have been dedicating these children to God, and signing them with the sign of the Cross in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." "Is there no significance in this for us? All of you know what it is to dedicate a church; to set it apart by solemn ceremonies for sacred purposes, to be used in the service, worship and devotion to God. 'Ye are the temples of the Living God, and God hath said, I will be in them.' There is no more striking emblem than to liken our human nature to a temple of the Living God. Your bodies, souls, spirits—the curious body, with its senses, eyes, ears, mouth, hands, feet—given to God for sacred purposes. No impure pictures or reading to defile these eyes. Anthony Comstock has been instrumental in destroying two tons of impure literature that might have ruined many souls. You have powers to think, love, desire and to will; dedicate them to God. Write 'Sacred to Jesus' upon every organ of the body. I do not know of any theory of life so beautiful. One chill November evening I was about to leave my

eldest and most precious brother Alfred, who even then was at the entering in of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, though we knew it not. His arm was paralyzed, and looking at it as it lay on the pillow by his side, he said: 'John, that is a poor old arm, but it is "Sacred to Jesus."' Years have come and gone, changes of season and time have taken place, but that hour lives in my memory. His beautiful and seraphic face, which in a little while was to look upon Jesus, and catch the Divine glory, to reflect it again in the heavenly world, was beaming upon us for the last time. In six hours after he was forever with the Lord. Ah! men of the sea, we are at best broken, crippled, not able to do what we desire, but write 'Sacred to Jesus' on yourselves, on your spirit, the direct power that allies you to God, then shall you indeed fulfill God's highest will concerning you, and hear His voice ringing through your souls: 'Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your bodies and spirits which are God's.' Men, because ye are weak and can do nothing, because ye have tried and failed, therefore I put the sign of Christ's Victorious Cross upon you, 'It is the power of God, the wisdom of God.' No

wonder Paul should cry out: 'But God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.' By this sign thou shalt conquer. Be of good cheer, the day of your redemption draweth near. Poor slaves of appetite, the bell of liberty is sounding! The old bell in Independence Hall at Philadelphia could tell a story of the morning when a little boy watched at the door where the good and great men of the Colonial Congress were assembled to declare freedom to the Colonies. At the right moment the command was given, and the boy rushed to the foot of the stairs and shouted: 'Ring it out, father! Ring out liberty to all!' And the great bell rung out in the clear air 'the good news,' and it is ringing yet, and will ring until all forms of despotism and intolerance shall have passed away, and liberty to all shall crown the day of freedom. Your bell of liberty is sounding. Courage, brother! Liberty is coming to you. You shall be free! You shall glorify God, because the sign of the Cross is upon you, and 'His strength shall be made perfect in weakness.' God bless us all—every one! And if I never meet you again on earth, may all the ship's company meet on the other

shore, with 'Sacred to Jesus' written on all, forever, and forever! Amen!"

Through the winter months Dr. Cookman improved in health, but there was a heavenly halo about him that made his friends rejoice with trembling. Every evening, when his strength would permit, he gathered his family around him and conducted divine worship. The sacred influence of that half hour lingers like a touch of the Unseen. His great desire to be ordained to the Priesthood was gratified on the fifteenth day of February. The ordination took place at Christ Church, Riverdale, on the Hudson. He was presented by Rev. Dr. Wildes, who had known and loved his father. It was a solemn and impressive service.

Christ Church is very beautiful in its rich and costly memorial windows; and as the sunlight streamed through the stained glass and rested upon the kneeling figure of Dr. Cookman, in his spotless robes, at the altar, taking the solemn vow of loyalty to Christ and His Church—it was a picture never to be forgotten. Bishop Potter said to a friend: "I thought Dr. Cookman looked frail, but I felt such a courageous spirit must be preparing for greater service in the Church of God."

Dr. Cookman knew that at any moment he was liable to close his eyes in death. He said to Bishop Potter at Riverdale: "I was determined to come if I died." He speaks of himself in a letter to a dear friend. He says: "I am hardly brave enough to look back upon these ten months of frightful suffering; the very thought of them is almost more than I can bear. Nor can I at all understand the sweet will of God concerning me, save on the ground that 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth,' and on my Lord's assurance that 'What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.' Never in my whole life was I so perfectly in the will of God as when I was stricken down. Never happier in my Christian experience. Never richer in my personal fellowship with Christ. Doing with a cheerful heart, with simplicity and Godly sincerity, the humblest mission service in the Kingdom of God. Blest in it! Yes, never have I in days of affluent prosperity, as Pastor of large and influential congregations, realized such power in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, or known of such blessed fruit in the character and lives of the humble men addressed in our Mission Chapel. Why I have

been shut away for almost a year from this earnest Christian service in saving men and shut up to pain, and distress, with the daily and hourly entering in of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I know not. He knows, and I am content to rest in His love. There have not only been physical upholdings, but such marvelous manifestations of the Divine grace and goodness as have made my poor heart a constant chime of golden bells to His praise and glory. Sometimes great baptisms of power, sweetness and love, have swept through my soul, and I have been unutterably filled with glory and with God. The sweet fragrance has lingered like a grace of the skies for days afterwards. Sometimes a strange, gentle, quiet peace that passeth understanding has possessed me. O! such ineffable peace! O! how I long with a keen hunger once more to stand in the Church of Christ, and proclaim my dear Lord as an all-sufficient Saviour. Nothing is worth much in this world but character and service. Christian character, the fullness of Christ in every power and faculty. Service, that fullness embodied in work for Jesus. Will you join me in saying:—

'Put any burden upon me—only sustain me;
Send me anywhere—only go with me;

Sever any tie that binds me
But the bond that binds me
To Thy service, and to Thy heart.'"

A month after Dr. Cookman's ordination to the Priesthood, he became very ill, and a consultation of physicians decided he could live but a few days. No murmur ever escaped his lips. Only heroic faith was manifested. He would sometimes say in prayer, "Dear Lord Jesus, give me a little more comfort." His physician said he had never seen such physical suffering, or witnessed such Christian triumph. He lingered through Holy week in much weakness. On Good Friday night he had a dream. He thought he was in Heaven. He saw distinctly a magnificent palace. Everything was shining with a heavenly light, and he exclaimed: "Where am I? See how beautful!" When he awoke he could not believe it was a dream, it seemed so real to him. On Easter Sunday all suffering had passed away. Early in the morning some one asked him if he knew what day it was. He smiled, and said: "O, yes! It is Easter Sunday." His mind was perfectly clear, while his body we knew was slowly dying.

He took nothing except a little water to moisten his lips. His face beamed with a seraphic smile as he whispered: "'God is Love!' 'Perfect love casteth out all fear that hath torment.' It is all right! Jesus holds and helps me!" Then again he said: "Anywhere with Jesus! I need but little, now I have Jesus. He is keeping me so quiet! O! how precious is the sound of Jesus' name!" When the Lord's Prayer was repeated around his bed, he responded, "Amen! Amen! Amen! Showers of blessing! Jesus doeth all things well." To his absent son he sent a message: "Tell Arthur to be papa's good boy, and meet me in Heaven." At twenty minutes of twelve o'clock midnight, he said distinctly to his sister who was sitting at his bedside: "Raise me up!" She gently rested his head upon her shoulder, and said to him: "Are you comfortable, darling brother, or shall I lay you down?" He bowed his head, and a peculiar radiance illuminated his face. She laid his head upon the pillow, and in a moment the spirit took its flight to the Palace of Angels and God.

At midnight on Easter Sunday, John Emory Cookman entered through the gates into the City, a pilgrim of the night. Through the darkness we could almost

hear the singing of the angels, and the echoes sweetly ringing of the "Welcome! Come!" from Jesus, father, mother, brothers. O! what joy to see the King in His beauty!

The funeral services took place at Grace Church, New York, April 2d. A large congregation of Dr. Cookman's personal friends were present. Many tears were shed, and much deep feeling manifested. Six of his nephews followed the casket; a guard to the sacred body of one they loved so well. The Right Reverend Bishop Potter, of the Diocese of New York, Reverend Dr. Morgan, of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Reverend Dr. Wilson, of St. George's Church, and Reverend George Francis Nelson, of Grace Church, were the officiating clergymen. Bishop Potter made a touching allusion to his dear friend, Dr. Cookman He said: "We meet to-day at the funeral services of the Rev. Dr. John Emory Cookman, a Presbyter of the Diocese of New York. The circumstances of this, our common sorrow, are certainly unusual. It is little more than a month since our brother, departed, was set apart for the higher office of the ministry, to which he had so long and eagerly looked forward, and now already his

life here is ended and his work done. Not wholly done. I am sure that no one of us, remembering his rare gifts and graces, and, above all, his serene and triumphant faith, can believe that all is ended. It comforts us to know that in other mansions of our Father's great house he will have a place, and that the quick and tender sympathy, the clear and strong faith, soon to be changed to sight, the active intellect and loving heart, will find yet nobler opportunities for his Lord's service. That service here in the communion of the Church has been most brief; but I venture to think that this large congregation, made up as I know, mainly of those who knew him in other relations, will be glad to hear that his brief ministry in the Church in whose communion he died, was one of conspicuous excellence and usefulness. In the position of Assistant Minister of the Church of Our Saviour, I am thankful to have known and watched him, for he bore himself with such a singular gentleness, and dignity, with such delicate consideration for others, with such admirable wisdom in the discharge of his ministerial duties, as became an example to all who knew him. And so to-day, as we stand about his bier, we are grateful for the privilege of having known and loved

him, and we rejoice to believe that, though so soon as it seems to us his work here is ended, the influence of his clear and strong faith, of his gentle and consistent life, and of his large and beautiful character, will long endure to the glory of God and the good of His Church.

At the conclusion of the service a favorite hymn of Dr. Cookman's was sung :—

Hark! hark! my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Bishop Potter pronounced the benediction, and the funeral cortege moved slowly out of the church, amid the tears and sobs of many loving hearts.

In the family burial plot at Laurel Hill, near Philadelphia, we laid his body gently down, to wait in blessed hope of the Day of Resurrection.

Farewell, my brother! We, who have wept together in sickness and sorrow, through all the changing scenes of life, will meet again at the Eternal Eastertide, when the gates of the Fair City shall be lifted, and amid the jubilant strain, we may hear again thy voice of Welcome! And we shall say, Good morning!

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun!
Alleluia! Amen!

M. B. C.

WHITSUNTIDE, 1891.

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"Farewell, friends; yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye have come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept:
Ye will know by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre."

"He is not here, for He is risen."

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